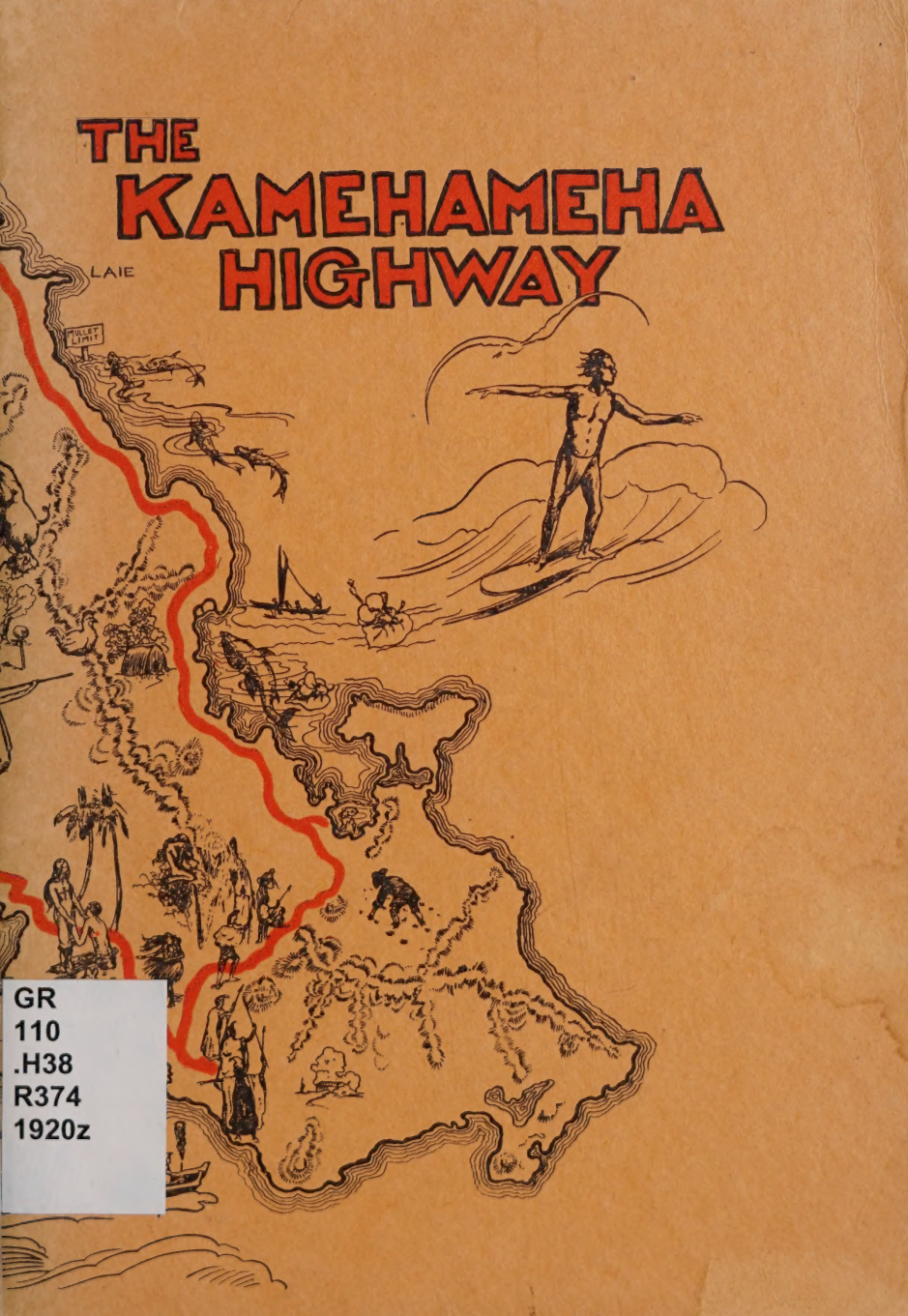
THE KAMEHAMEHA HIGHWAY



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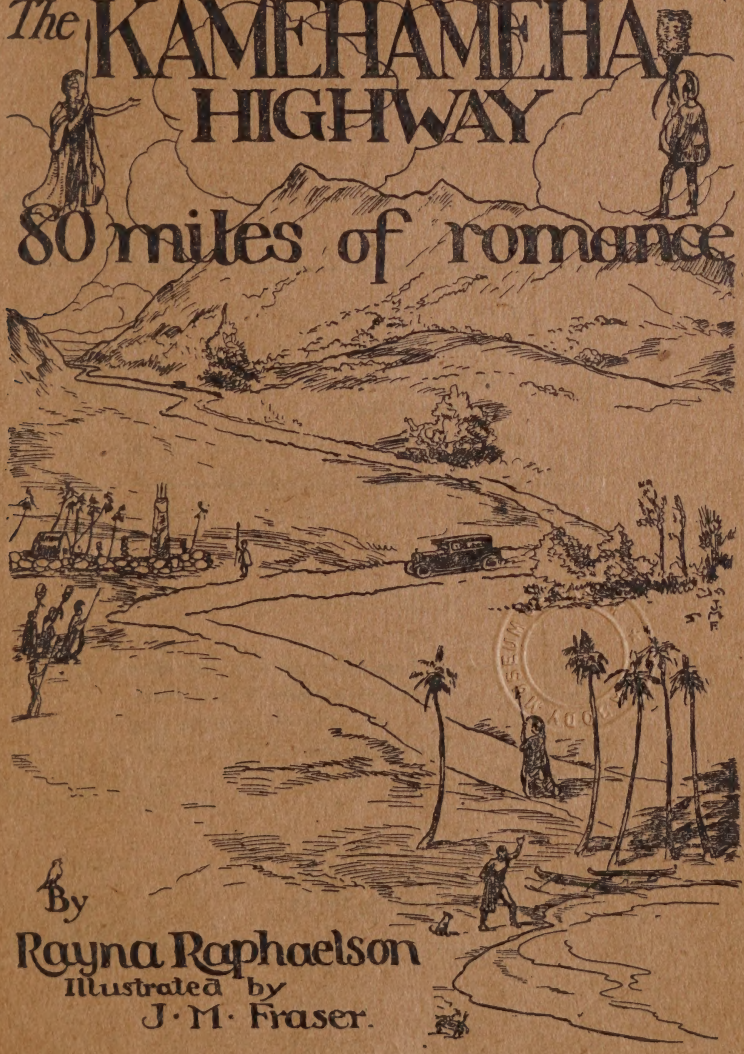
The KAMEHAMEHA HIGHWAY

80 miles of romance



By
Rayna Raphaelson
Illustrated by
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A word of thanks to—

Fred W. Beckley
Oscar P. Cox
Solomon Kekipi,
the men who told these tales.

HAWAIIAN COLLECTION

These tales are here set down with the hope that many more Hawaiian roadways and historic places may be similarly illuminated and chartered with lights that shine from a romantic past.

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WE *will show you the things*
that the bronze men have done—

Where they danced to the beat
of the drums of the gods.

Where they conquered the seas
in their double canoes.

Where they chanted their tales
in the shade of the palms.

Where they worshipped their gods
in temples of stone.

Where they buried their kings
by the light of the stars.

Where they fought, where they fished,
where they loved, where they died.

10/67

HIS is the log of the Kamehameha Highway, that eighty miles of romance-bordered road that encircles a lovely mid-Pacific isle. Follow this log as you go whirling along—past groves of palms, giant cliffs, rocky coasts, yellow beaches of sparkling sand. And as you go, read of the romance that has touched with life each and every rock and spring on the fairy island of Oahu.

Read tales of warm loves, of fierce wars, of mighty kings and mightier gods, all the romance of an olden day, when the rough trails of an isolated island clan marked this route that today is a paved road, bearing the name of Hawaii's greatest king.

* * *

Your speedometer will mark the places. This log will tell the tales.

* * *

And more than tales. This log shows also the man of today—his way of life, the things he plants, the things he builds.

See miles of waving, wind-tossed cane; pineapples striding in row on row.

See broad-leafed, swampy taro-patches, from which the native still makes his poi. See the greenest velvet squares of rice, brown-skinned fishermen mending their nets, towns and huts, ponds and parks, hotels and shops, gardens and temples, beaches, flowers.

* * *

For all these are in this story of the Kamehameha Highway. Set your speedometer at the Palace Gate, and follow the log.

There Was Dancing in Nuuanu—

From the Palace Gate, drive north on King Street. Turn right at Nuuanu. Speedometer reads 0.3.

NE sees strange things, hears strange things, on Nuuanu street today. A hybrid world. The West and the East.

Japanese faces. American clothes. Kimonos, teakwood, lacquer, flowers. A Christian Church. A ragtime song. The haunting rythm of a Chinese flute. A Buddhist shrine in a nest of palms.

But where, then, pray, is the man of bronze?

Look! He is here! See the home of his dance!

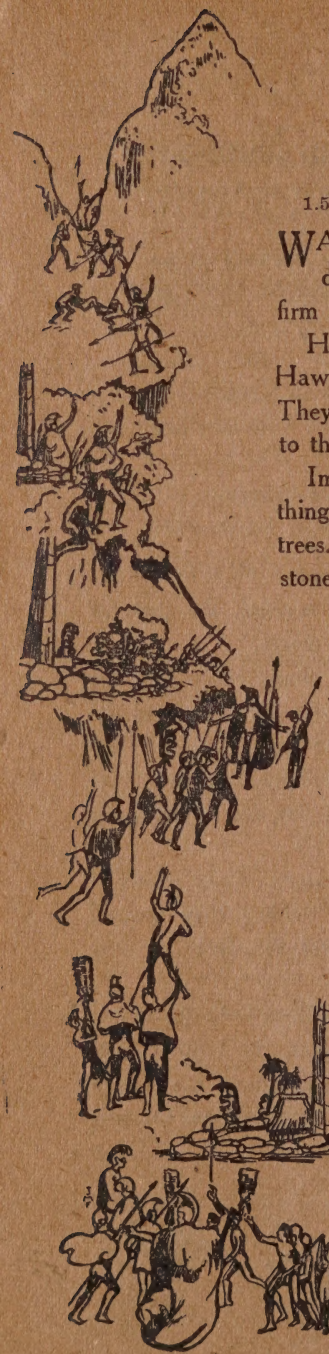
0.9—*A garden, behind a wooden fence, to the left of the road.*

It came long ago, when two gods arrived, the gods of the hula, a man and a maid, Laka by name.

They came in canoes from the far South Seas. At the foot of this slope, under the palms, with the ferns and the flowers, the pleasure gods danced. At first there were two of these dancing gods. But after a while, the man was gone. Lakawahine remained alone, a dancing woman, the goddess of joy.

In a trance, it is said, the people came. They gathered around and worshipped and learned. Then they danced and they danced. They are dancing yet, though today they will tell you the god is gone.

But hark! Some quiet night that is thick with stars, you will hear the words of an ancient chant, the regular beat of a primitive drum. And then you will know, the bronze men dance. For, say what they will, Lakawahine, the god of the hula, is reigning yet.



There Were Wars in Nuuanu—

1.55—*Opposite the cemetery, to the right of the road.*

WARRIORS there were in the old days, too—splendid men, tall and broad, with powerful limbs whose firm muscles rippled under clear, brown skins.

Here in this valley, these bronze men fought, under Hawaii's mightiest chief, Kamehameha, soldier and king. They landed canoes at Waikiki and battered their way to the pali pass.

Imagine the valley as it was in that day. Wild things grew. Foot trails straggled through forests of trees. There were houses of grass here, and temples of stone, whose god-mounted walls hid men with spears.

Imagine one temple standing just here—to the right of the road, next to a pond, where the chiefs used to bathe. Imagine the warriors storming its walls, defying its fiercely glaring gods.

That is the way this valley was conquered, temple by temple, god by god. Until at last the defending army turned and fled. Straight up the trails to the pass in the hills, fleetly but blindly. There at the pass they were caught in a trap. No place to turn. Death on the spears of their foe behind them. Death at the foot of the cliff ahead.

We will follow their flight up the valley road. Today it is lined with fields and homes, with patches of forest, dense and green, with lovely rows of ancient trees, with gardens and hedges, beauty and calm.

There Were Wars in Nuuanu—

We will point out, as we go, the sites of the temples that were stormed in the war. They were curious structures, those old heiaus. Platforms of stone. Walls from which carved gods looked down. Inside, an altar, more idols of wood, and houses of grass for the priests and the king.

The priests of these heiaus were learned men with prophetic powers. They spoke for the gods, they established tabus, they advised the people, cured them of ills.

The men of Hawaii respected these priests. They heeded their words, kept their tabus.

* * *

Here was one temple—to the right of the road, at the place where now the kings lie dead. 1.7

Here was another—off to the left, where a gray house stands on a rise of land. 2.5

Here was a third—on the hill in back of Queen Emma's house. 2.7

We will pause on the site of the old heiau—to glance for a moment at the New England house, built by one of the later queens, Queen Emma, the wife of Kamehameha the Fourth, grandson of the warrior who conquered the valley.

This cool, shaded house is mellow with memories of royal days.

How different it is from those days of war, when the sounds of battle were heard in these hills, when all the way to the top of the pass, bronze men, who were naked but for their malos, were killed at the point of wooden spears.

Yet that happened in 1795, not much more than a hundred years ago.

And There Was Magic in Nuuanu—

TO the left of the road is the fairy valley of Waolani, running far up into the hills. Today this valley is peaceful and quiet.
2.9 The things of magic have disappeared.

Oh the magic people of Waolani, of the ancient days! The eepa people, all twisted and bent, the mischievous creatures who flouted the lovers who strolled in the hills!

And the quaint menehunes, brought by Kahano! Here is a rhyme that tells how they came—

Way back in the ages, the long god Kahano
Imported some workmen, so tiny and bright.
They were called menehunes, and were utterly tireless
Except that they never worked more than a night.

If a job were unfinished by the time of the dawning,
There was no use in begging or treating them rough—
They shook their heads gaily and fled up the valley—
That job went unfinished; they'd worked long enough.

Yet they built many marvels, old temples and fishponds,
And tunnels for water and roadways of stone.
And these were the workmen, the long god, Kahano,
Brought from Kahiki, and did it alone.

Would you know how he brought them, the great god, Kahano,
Who was taller than mountains but lighter than cork?
Well, he lay on the ocean, his long arms stretched outward—
They say that he looked like a two-ended fork.

Then cavorted and flitted, all the way from Kahiki,
The blithe menehunes, so careless and gay,
And here on Oahu, they worked by the moonlight,
And sometimes by starlight, but never by day.

And There Was Magic in Nuuanu—

And the magic of trees in Waolani. Breadfruit trees, and wauke trees. A breadfruit tree that was made of the magic of human love—of the love of a wife. Would you know the tale? A man was doomed to be burned for the gods. But his wife wove a spell in the dead of night; the man was gone; a breadfruit grew.

* * *

And the magic of waukes—of noble deeds—of the deeds of a man, Maikola by name. He asked to be buried. From his bones, he said, the wauke would grow, and from the wauke, cloth could be made.

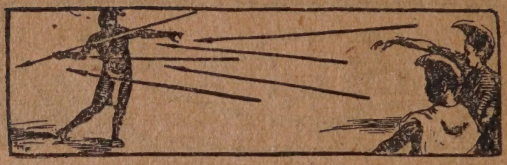
It happened just so. When his weeping daughters buried his bones, the wauke grew, and tapa was pounded.

* * *

But today all these magic things and magic people have disappeared from Waolani.

Beauty alone and peace remain—although they, perhaps, are the best of magic. For the charm of the valley seems just as alluring as it was in the days of the eepa people. As twilight comes and the sun's picture fades in the western sky, lovers still linger in groves of kukui in the darkening shadow of the mist-crowned hills.

Rain and Spears



BUT Waolani has disappeared behind a hill. We go through avenues of trees—ironwoods with graceful, weeping leaves; haus, short and sturdy with twisting limbs. Just around a double curve, through a break in a hedge, we catch a glimpse of a Japanese garden, with a fleeting vista of blue sea beyond.

This is the point where the men who are trained in native lore know it is wise to look for rain. They are warned by the wisdom of an ancient chant, to cover their salt and bundle their clothes.

* * *

4.5 The fine brown house to the right of the road bears the name Luakaha. And the name is older than the fine brown house. At Luakaha, in the royal days, princes rested. And here the kings held feasts and games.

* * *

Old men still talk of Luakaha, of one marvelous day when six thousand people were asked to a feast. There was a great luau, the old-timers report, and, in the afternoon, an exciting tournament with wooden spears.

That was only seventy years ago. And yet there were men who still were masters of the ancient weapon. John Ii, for instance, who is shown in the sketch, served as a target for six flying spears. He had lost not a bit of his skill, they report. Casual and calm, he deftly caught each spear as it came, or deflected it from its threatening course.

And Robbers' Caves

BEYOND Luakaha, we drive through an avenue of twisted haus—ancient trees, the last of a grove that used to grow thick in this upper valley.

It was a dangerous place in the foot-trail days. The forest was dense and eerie and black. The branches grew low in a tangled gnarl. Men feared to travel by day or by night—and they paid a tribute to the priests above.

But even more danger lurked on these trails. Safety from trees might be bought from a priest, but robbers could only be bribed on the spot.

And robbers were plenty in those foot-trail days. Back toward the hills, the old men still point to a hidden cave. There, they tell you with lowered voice, two ruthless bandits kept watch on the trail. One climbed a tree, while the other stood ready with his trusted "pikoi"—a neat little weapon, made of a stone, fastened devilishly to the end of a cord.

"Malolo kai," the look-out would call—that was their signal for "One man on the trail."

Then his companion let swing the pikoi. It twisted around the legs of the man. He fell. He was robbed. Sometimes he was killed.

* * *

Yes, the pali trail had all sorts of romance—of beauty and peril, of dances and war, of trees and priests and thieves and death —in those foot-trail days.

And Love and Tears

6.1—*A waterfall to the left of the road, that can be seen when it rains.*

TO the left of the road on days of rain, there sometimes is seen a waterfall. Look up to the cliff. The silvery thread may be coming down. If it does, you will notice a curious thing—a stream that rises instead of falls.

There is a tale about this waterfall—of eternal love.

A boy and a girl lived on these hills. Every day he came and they played together and laughed in the sun. The girl's eyes shone, which delighted her gods, the mist and the wind.

But they noticed at night when the boy went home, the little girl's eyes grew pensive and sad. So they made a plot one late afternoon.

The sun was sinking in the west. The mist grew thick on the young boy's trail. He stumbled and fell in the blanket of cloud. The hills were the sea; the sea was the hills. He found himself back at the young girl's door.

Next evening came and he tried again. He met the wind. Trees dipped and swayed and the stinging dust blinded his eyes. He staggered and fell and stumbled along till again he reached the young girl's door.

Days and months and years passed by. He became a man. He had a dream. His father's house was caught in a storm. Within, his parents, bent and old, called for his aid.

He woke with a start, filled with dread, and quickly walked the neglected trail. He never returned.

Days passed and days, the story tells, till the lonely girl

grew quite forlorn. And then one day, the voice on the wind was the voice of her love. It told how her lover had been lost in the storm that was sent by the goddess of Kalihi Pass, who lived in the midst of lehua flowers. These flowers, the voice on the wind told the girl, had been carelessly picked for lehua leis, and no tribute paid.

The lonely girl bowed her head and wept.

Then lo!

Her tears were gathered in a silvery thread. Half-way down the cliff they fell, and there they were caught by the god of the wind and tossed into spray by the god of the mist. They were wafted above in a glamorous veil and gently bathed the voice on the wind.

* * *

This is a region of waterfalls. When it rains, there are three on the cliff to the left, one to each side of the weeping maid. Sometimes they are falls; sometimes they are mist; and on days when the sun shines bright in the pass, they are gone.

A more persistent waterfall comes down from the bluff way off to the right. It is a long, twisting ribbon of sparkling spray that sports in the wind.

* * *

We approach the pass. The wind grows more fierce. The grass sways. The eucalyptus bends and moans. And, perhaps, if you have a Hawaiian guide, you will hear a haunting minor chant.

Just ahead—to the right—are hidden two stones. And the men who chant say these stones have power—

Would you know the future as an open book? Would you heal the sick with a touch of your hand? Then learn the tribute of the leaf and the stone. And learn to intone the ancient chant.

At the Top of the World

WE reach the pass. The peaks rise up in a floating mist, sometimes as vague as a spider's web, sometimes in thick white banks of cloud. Lanihuli looms to the left, with a name that means "where the heavens change."

But it is more than the heavens that change at the pass.

The whole world expands. Sheer cliffs drop to a rolling plain.

The wind sweeps up in a whistling gale.

The air comes fresh from an open sea.

The sea stretches out in a glistening line, snow-white breakers on yellow sand.

And colors increase a hundred-fold—purple shadows in cliffs of brown; trees of a thousand shades of green; a sea with a surf of silver crests and waves of the purest of sapphire blues.

Look out and down. Pile on pile of beautiful rocks, beach after beach of sandy shore, miles on miles on miles of sea. And above, in the sky, the billowing clouds.

But it is not only beauty that haunts this pass. History and legend dwell here, too. More things than the wind take your breath away.

* * *

Books tell the story of the battle that ended at the foot of the cliffs, when the Oahu army took a desperate choice between terrible deaths.

The men from Hawaii came close on their heels with their wooden spears. They were trapped between peaks in this narrow defile. They fled for the trail that threads down the cliff, but they stumbled and fell to their death on the plain.

* * *

And history tells of the romance of roads—of the foot-trail days when the natives were agile as goats in the hills—of the carriage road days, when horses could take the treacherous grade—and last, of this highway whose building has been one of the victories of modern men.

* * *

But legend alone speaks of earlier things—the stories of the priests of the lizard god, whose pool was washed to Kailua beach where today it gives water for fields of rice; of the strange cooked dog, so carefully browned, as a gift to the king—Here, it is said, he burst into speech and so startled his carriers that they dropped him and fled. Then he leaped straight up to the top of the ridge.

* * *

Here, too, is the guardian of the pass, who stands to the left, just past the turn. To the untutored eye he may look like a rock that just happens to stand at the side of the road. But listen to this, his unusual tale—

The Guardian of the Pass

He was a man—a priest of the lizard god, on special duty at the pass. His was the task of exacting fees from the daring souls who scaled the cliffs or ventured the valley of haunted haus.

For a long time he served and neither the gods nor the priests complained of the number of dogs or bowls of poi.

Only once, in years and years, did a traveller pass without paying his fee. That was the day when a woman danced on the top of the peak.

The dancing woman came from Heeia, a town on the plain. Her body was fair, and she knew she could dance. Her mind was keen.

She planned to go to Waikiki. For the king she cooked a dog and some poi, and she made enough for the valley priests. But for the greedy priests of the lizard god, she cooked nothing at all. She resolved to dance.

Up the pali cliff she came, marching on ahead of her men. She scaled the ridge above the pass; she climbed to the very topmost peak. And there, on a spot where her form could be seen in the pool that glistened at the guardian's feet, she danced.

She danced like mad on the top of the peak—and her reflection danced like mad in the pool.

The Guardian of the Pass

Soon from the mind of the guardian priest, every thought, but of love, had fled. He gazed in the pool.

At last, the men had reached the pass. They went stealthily on to the forest of haus. The dancing ceased.

With a start, the dreamer woke from his trance. He recalled the trail.

But already the gods had turned him to stone. And here he stands, to this very day, a victim of love and the wrath of a god, while down below, covered with leaves, is the fateful pool.

* * *

We zigzag down into the plain. The incredible pictures shift and change. Near the top, each thing is small. In the cleft of the hills great groves of kukui are soft-green moss. A town is a toy; a plot of bananas a fringe of green. On the distant shore, palm-trees bend like tufted sticks, and a giant surf is a waving line.

But coming lower into the plain, things grow more real. Pine-apples stalk, one by one, in bristling rows. The trunks of kukuis shine white on the hills, and here and there is a patch of ti.

But still it's a dream. As we thread our way down the wall of the cliff, the rocks seem to tower. We sense the force of the earth-building fire that made this land—the rearing of hills into gigantic piles, sheer rock walls on the coral plain.

With care we wind down the swift-curving road, hugging close to the face of the cliff, easing slowly into the plain.

Down on the plain, mere men seem small. The gods seem near.

Where Gods Have Walked

THEY seem to stalk over this plain, as they did in the past—powerful gods, with god-like strengths and human desires.

Pele came first, long ago, the goddess of fire. She made these hills.

Then Kane and Kanaloa came—a curious pair who struck the rocks and water flowed. They made the springs.

Then Hiiaka, favored sister of Pele, came one day. She sat on the top of a nearby hill, looked out toward the reefs, and chanted a song.

* * *

And lesser gods have walked these plains—Kamapuaa, sometimes a pig and sometimes a man; Kana, the giant, who stretched himself out over the land. Here he died and merged with the soil, so some men say. If your eyes are sharp, you may see his eyes—"Na maka o Kana"—"the eyes of Kana"—hollow impressions in a pointed mound, below the road. And the rest of him stretches, so the tale tells, over the plain, the ridges and valleys making his limbs. Hawaiians will show you the top of his head, the end of his feet—he measures two miles. (Would you know why it was this giant died? 'Twas the love of a woman, unreturned.)

* * *

And famous men have been here, too—powerful chiefs in feathered robes, warriors, kings.

And simple men, living peaceful lives—the men who fish and the men who plant.

And women, too, bringing tales of love. And trees.

Trees, Old and New

8.6—*A clump of kukuis*

ALONG the highway are groves of trees. A clump of kukui to the right of the road —the trees that make those soft green patches in the clefts of the hills all over the islands. They are among the treasured trees of the islands. Their oil is used for a score of things. It makes torches at night. It adds zest to a meal. It helps mold the fingers of tiny babes and keeps soft and beautiful the skin of a woman.

And then come bananas, with tattered leaves, and fruit in thick bunches on a rope-like stem.

We will pass lauhala growing on stilts. This is the tree from whose long green leaves the mats are made that the natives prize. And its seeds are used for sweet-smelling leis.

At Kaneohe, some distance ahead, we will see silver ash, slim and tall, squatty kamanis, wide-spreading monkey-pods, coconuts bowing their graceful trunks.

* * *

And all along, we pass ridges and valleys, which some men say are the limbs of Kana. Here he lies, stretched out on the plain, where he died from the aches of impassioned love.

But men have loved, too, on this rolling plain. They have sighed for love, fought for love, and once, it is said, they raced for love.

TI PLANT

SILVER ASH

IRONWOOD

HALA

KUKUI

HAU

BANANA

KAMANI

MONKEY-POD

COCOANUT PALM

A Race for a Kiss

9.8—*On the plain to the left of the road.*

THERE were two young men, the tale tells, one quite noble and one quite base. They loved the same girl.

One day the base lover made a vulgar boast. He had kissed their beloved. He had caught her just as she entered a pool. As he told the tale, he smirked a little.

The noble young man trembled with rage. He did not believe the vulgar bragging, but he scorned the other for telling the tale. So he arranged a race. The girl would go bathing, he told his rival, on a certain day at a certain pool. They would race for her, over the plain. And the one who caught her could have her forever. He could seal the bargain with a kiss.

Like mad, they came dashing over the field. At the edge of a pool, now covered with weeds, a woman was preparing to bathe. When she saw the runners, she turned and fled, straight toward a crowd that expectantly waited some yards away.

It was the base young man who caught the woman. Rudely he took her into his arms. He ignored the crowd, removed the cloth she tossed over her face, and took his reward. He kissed her boldly.

Then came the laughs and the scorn of the people. For the woman he kissed was old and wrinkled, not the fair girl the two men loved.

Rainbow Fish and a Chanting God

AHEAD in the distance Kaneohe Bay lies stretched in the sun. We approach the town through mango groves, rich and green. 11.6 We go straight on, not pausing today to go to the beach where beautiful fish, of a thousand shapes, graceful and weird, and a thousand hues, swim in coral gardens.

The reefs of coral where the gay fish swim can be seen from the road, stretching out either side of the town, streaks of yellow in waves of green.

* * *

It was Hiiaka, sister of Pele, who sat on a knoll, gazed in the sea, and chanted this chant, one day when it rained:

Inclement is Koolau weather
The rain it pours at Ma-eli-eli,
Cutting furrows in Hee-ia
It lashes the sea as it falls,
It dances merrily at Ahui-manu.
While surrounding the homes of Kahaluu
Its waters overturn the coral boulders.

Of the places mentioned in this famous chant, Koolau is the name of the mountains and bay; Ma-eli-eli of the knoll where Hiiaka sat; Ahui-manu of a place back in the hills, and Hee-ia and Kahaluu are here on the coast.

* * *

At 12.6, we see the town of Hee-ia, with the point beyond. This is the place where, according to legend, the dead men jump into the sea.

At 13.3 we see Ma-eli-eli, a low, furrowed hill to the left of the road.

Where Dead Men Jump Into the Sea

HEEIA is the place where the souls of the dead leap into the sea. There are two Heeias, Heeia-uli, the dark Heeia, and Heeia-kea, the white Heeia. And there is all the difference between these two that there is in the regions of heaven and hell.

Men died on Hawaii in the olden days, as they do now. And they went to the places where dead men dwell. But before they jumped into the sea, their lives were judged and their fates decreed. Some souls were judged white and some were judged black, and here at Heeia, the dividing came. The black souls leaped this side of the point, and the fortunate whites found their haven beyond.

* * *

We now skirt the sea for many miles. This is Koolau Bay, with stories of beaches, seamen and fish. Along the beaches, perhaps you will see the men with their nets and the ponds where the fish are kept near the shore. Many of these ponds can be seen from the road—their solid stone walls embracing the corners of quiet bays.

It adds zest to these ponds when you recall they were built by those curious workmen, the menehunes, ages ago. Each of these ponds was built in a night. So it is said.

Two Gods Quarrel

LOOK out to the sea. A flat sand strip lies close to the shore. Watch this island. Now it is here, and now it is gone. You may think this is merely a trick of the tide or the light falling strangely on sunlit waves. But neither the tide nor the light is to blame. The force that really controls this island is the will of a god—a decree that was made many years ago. It happened this way—

There were—and are—along this shore, various fish grounds, each with its god. And sometimes these gods of the fish disagree.

This happened with two that controlled this shore. They quarrelled on a matter of right and wrong. The men of Kualoa were coming to fish in Kailua bay, and fish grew scarce. The people died from want of food.

The god of Kailua was justly enraged. He sent a challenge to the god of the poachers, proposing a battle for control of the shore.

They met and fought—and the righteous god won.

But he proved to be a kind-hearted god. He made a pact with the god of Kualoa; from thenceforth forever, the men of Kualoa should fish in Kualoa and the men of Kailua would fish in Kailua.

So it was settled, and this island was put into the sea, where the men can see it when they round the point. When the sand appears above the waves, it is time to turn the boat around.

Mokolii, a Dragon's Tail

Skirting the signal of sand in the sea, is a stretch of beach, smooth and hard. Its glory is gone—but in the royal days of horses and kings, when smartly-groomed horses galloped the trails, this was the place where races were held. Today it is only a stretch of sand along the shore.

* * *

We go on through groves of monkey-pods and clumps of lauhala —the tree from which native mats are made—on through the scattered town of Kahaluu, mentioned in Hiiaka's chant—and then as we travel toward Waiahole, we ride in full view of the point, Kualoa, with its drop of an island at its tip.

It was Hiiaka, Pele's sister, who made that island with its three lone palms. Before, it had been a vicious dragon who lived on the shore.

It happened this way. She came up the trail, singing her song, and Mokolii, the terrible dragon, reared himself up to challenge her passing. She was so insulted, she killed the beast, scattering great rocks of him over the landscape (it is claimed he was used to make part of this road). She put his tail out in the sea. For years it was bare, but now its three palms show black on the sky.

* * *

18.3 We reach Waiahole, where hard taro grows, taro so hard that "hoi kalopaa i Waiahole" is a catchword that means an obstinate man. There is a beautiful tale about Waiahole and Waikane, a place beyond. These two were man and wife, it is said. They loved each other for many years, and even today their mists embrace in the upper clouds.

Don't Break Tabus!

LOOK sharp at the rocks near the edge of the water just this side of a small clump of trees. 17.4 They are low, flat rocks, washed by the waves. Until fifty or sixty years ago, these stones were the shape of Tahitian canoes. It is said that they were brought from Tahiti centuries ago, and here on the beach they were turned to stone.

For years, these canoes were sacredly held, their safety guarded by rigid tabus.

But then, with the white men, a road-builder came, a hardened man, matter-of-fact, of practical deeds. He scoffed at tabus, scoffed at the stones, and ordered his men to break the canoes.

The natives recoiled. But the road-builder raged, and found foreign men who were not afraid. They broke up the stones, while the natives spoke darkly of death and of woe.

And the natives were wise to fear the tabu. For death surely came. It caught every man who had touched the canoes. And the road-builder too.

This happened only a few years ago. But it has always been so.

The ancient tabus were very severe. It was death to the man of common blood if he crossed the shadow of the chief of the king, if he entered his home, or failed to fall prone when his name was chanted, or touched his clothing or his calabash. And women must die if they ate with their husbands, or if they tasted bananas or pork, or ate tabu fish or coconuts.

And as for offenders to idols or gods—there was no forgiveness; the offender must die.

The Trail of Love

ANOTHER tale is told of this spot—not a dark tale of tabus and death, but a bright, golden tale of love and of flowers. They loved each other, a youth and a maid. They lived in a hut very near this shore.

But one day they quarreled. In anger the youth went to Molokai. He nursed his wrath—he was a relentless man.

Here on Oahu, the maiden sighed. He did not come. Slowly the love died from her heart.

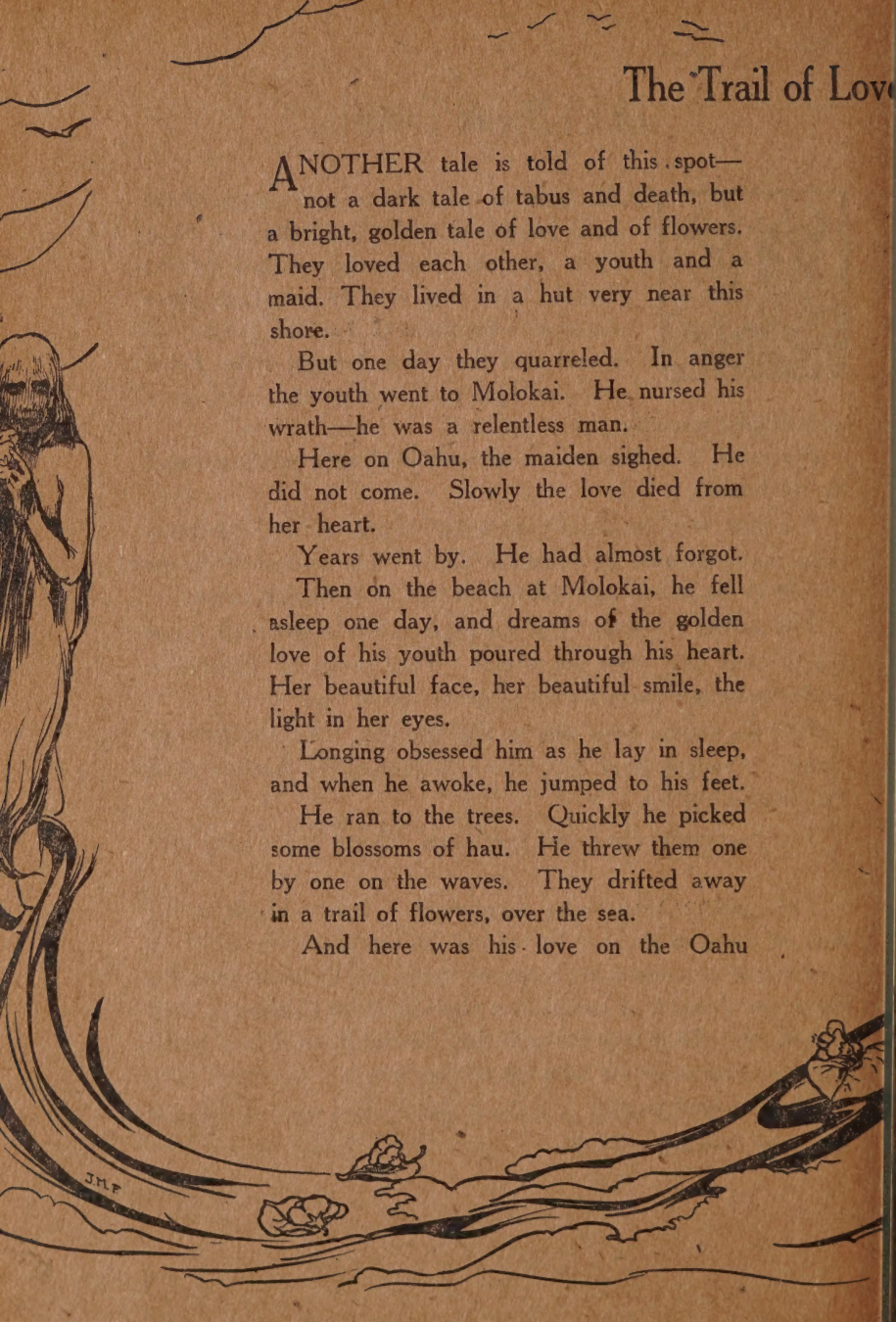
Years went by. He had almost forgot.

Then on the beach at Molokai, he fell asleep one day, and dreams of the golden love of his youth poured through his heart. Her beautiful face, her beautiful smile, the light in her eyes.

Longing obsessed him as he lay in sleep, and when he awoke, he jumped to his feet.

He ran to the trees. Quickly he picked some blossoms of hau. He threw them one by one on the waves. They drifted away in a trail of flowers, over the sea.

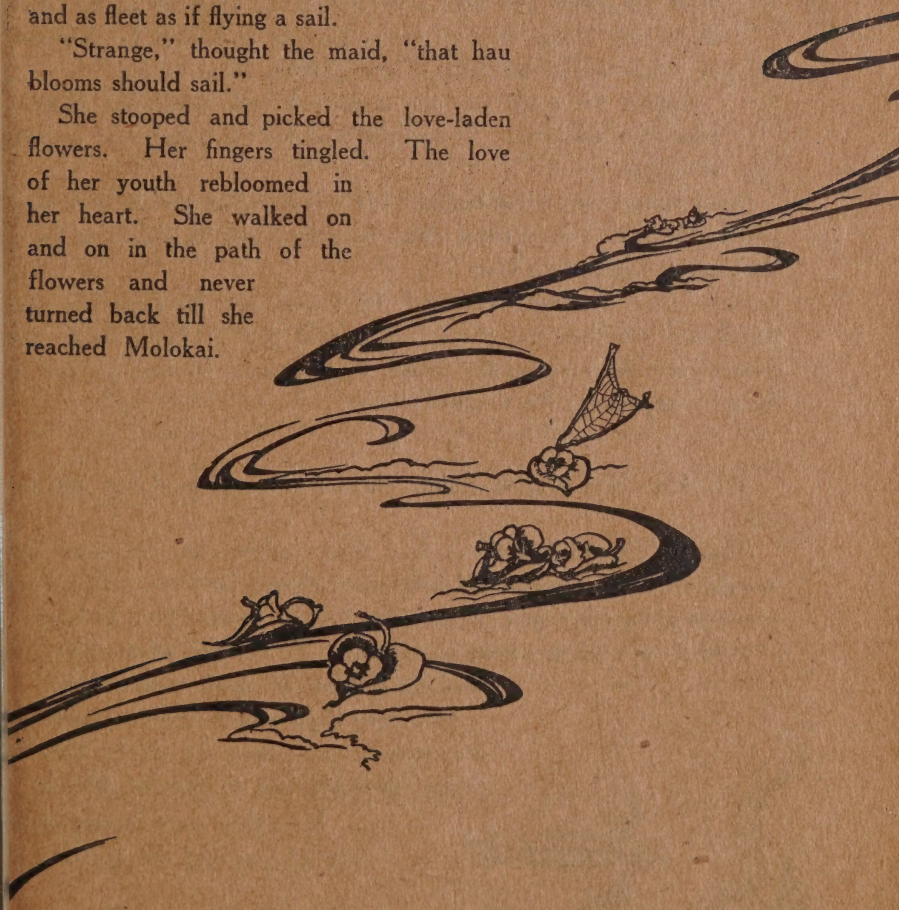
And here was his love on the Oahu

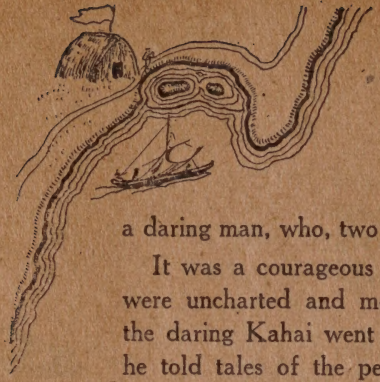


shore. She had come to the beach to bathe in the surf. A hau blossom suddenly came to her feet. She looked up in surprise. The trail of hau was borne on the waves, as sure and as fleet as if flying a sail.

"Strange," thought the maid, "that hau blooms should sail."

She stooped and picked the love-laden flowers. Her fingers tingled. The love of her youth rebloomed in her heart. She walked on and on in the path of the flowers and never turned back till she reached Molokai.





At Sacred Point

IN the arm of this bay is Hakipuu Valley (20.9), the home of Kahai, a daring man, who, two thousand years ago, sailed the seas.

It was a courageous deed, in those days of canoes, when seas were uncharted and men were guided by stars at night. Yet the daring Kahai went as far as Samoa, and when he returned, he told tales of the people, and planted some seeds.

Among the seeds was the breadfruit tree, which the people planted in Hakipuu. It brought food for the people and renown to Kahai.

Many honors were given Kahai. He was raised by the chiefs to their own kingly rank. And never again need he lower his sail—not for a chief nor a priest nor a king.

Many more journeys were made by Kahai, and his fame has continued for two thousand years. It is said that in 1795, when the conquering chief rounded the island, Kamehameha lowered his sail to show his respect for the daring Kahai.

* * *

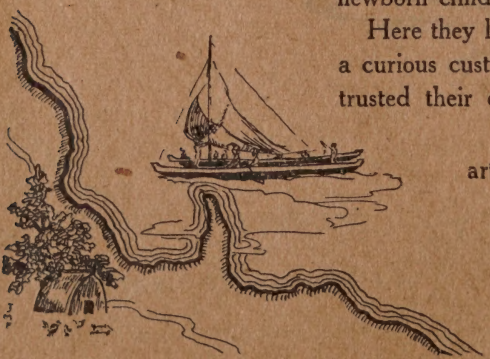
We skirt along Kualoa Point, where a ridge of land juts into the sea.

This is "Sacred Point"—sacred land, replete with traditions and ancient lore. Kamapuaa hid here when chased by Pele. The place where he hid is still called "Halo-a-pee," which means "Run and hide."

And always this has been sacred soil. To the base of the hills, the newborn children of chiefs were brought.

Here they lived with their foster-parents—a curious custom among the chiefs, who entrusted their children to favored friends.

Here they were trained in the arts of war and the ancient tra-



ditions of Hawaiian chiefs. They lived in grass houses at the foot of these hills and were taught the use of the wooden spear, the way of singing the ancient chants, the welcome one gives to a royal guest, the way to command, the code of the chiefs. They were taught to respect their own high rank and to treat as sacred their bodies, their clothes. Even the bowls that held their poi they must learn to respect.

Theirs was not an easy task. For it was far from simple to be a chief in those days. The chief did not sit from dawn till night at his lazy ease surrounded by slaves.

He had to be trained in the arts of war, for in battle the chief must lead his men. And he also must know the lore of the priest; together the chief and the priest ruled the clan. And a hundred and one additional rules that a chief must enforce and the people obey.

And here in full sight of each passing canoe, the royal tapa of their fathers flew. When fishermen passing sighted that flag, they lowered their sails. For the lowered sail is the sign of respect in the South Sea code.

* * *

By women, too, this point was revered, for up on the cliffs the 20.9
spire of motherhood points to the sky. It still can be seen, a slender spire, a little to the right of the symbolic rooster, who is perched on the ridge, a short distance away from the mother hen, watching her egg.

* * *

So the finest traditions of women and chiefs are here on this plain.

And gods were here, too.

A Final Look

AS we approach the end of Kualoa Point, we pass a place where a spring once flowed and a shark god ruled. 21.7

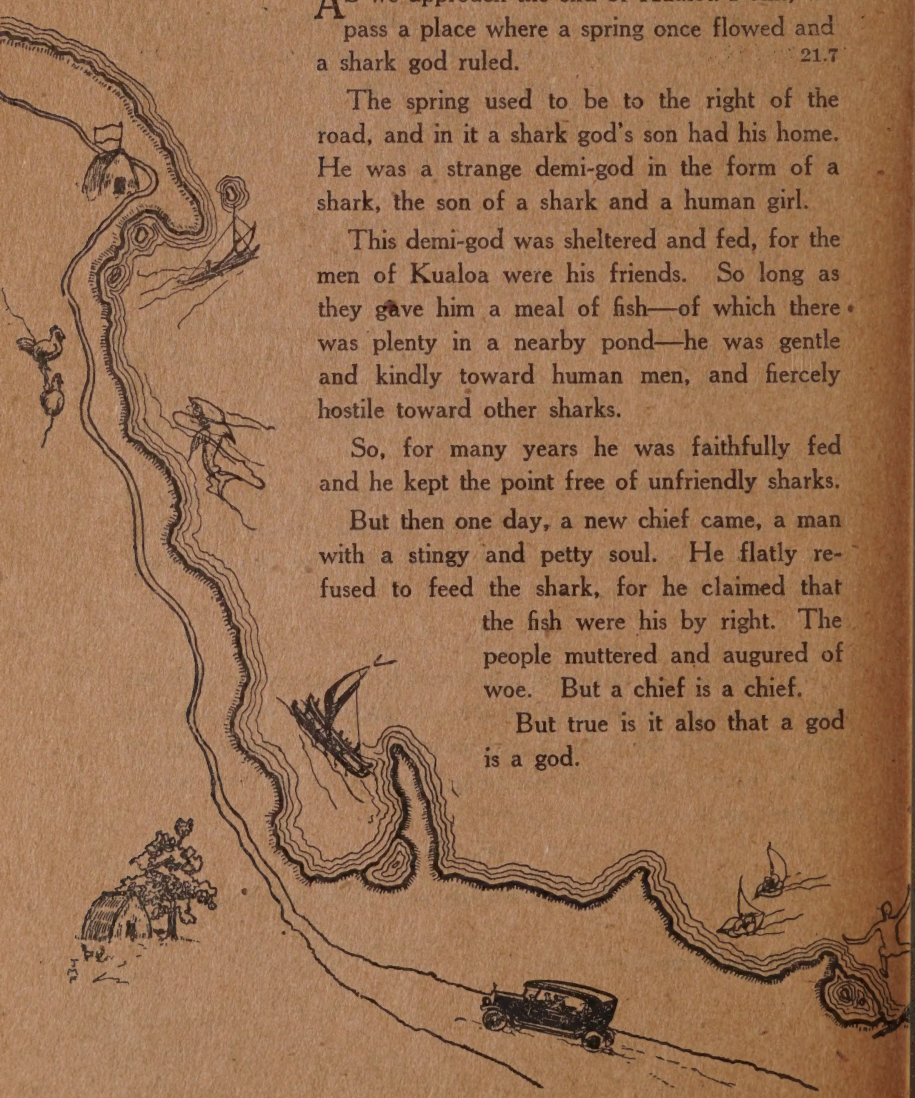
The spring used to be to the right of the road, and in it a shark god's son had his home. He was a strange demi-god in the form of a shark, the son of a shark and a human girl.

This demi-god was sheltered and fed, for the men of Kualoa were his friends. So long as they gave him a meal of fish—of which there was plenty in a nearby pond—he was gentle and kindly toward human men, and fiercely hostile toward other sharks.

So, for many years he was faithfully fed and he kept the point free of unfriendly sharks.

But then one day, a new chief came, a man with a stingy and petty soul. He flatly refused to feed the shark, for he claimed that the fish were his by right. The people muttered and augured of woe. But a chief is a chief.

But true is it also that a god is a god.



Koolau Bay

The shark god father of the starving son was enraged by the greed of the presumptuous chief. He flooded the land with a tidal wave.

The people escaped. But the pond was gone, and with it the spring and the selfish chief.

* * *

Take a last look at Koolau Bay.

The signal of sand has disappeared. But there is the valley, the home of Kahai; Waikane and its mate enwrapped in the mist; Heeia, the point of leaping souls, the shores where love has ruled and gods have sung; Kaneohe, set in its coral reef; Kana, the giant, stretched over the plain. And there are the cliffs and the distant pass.

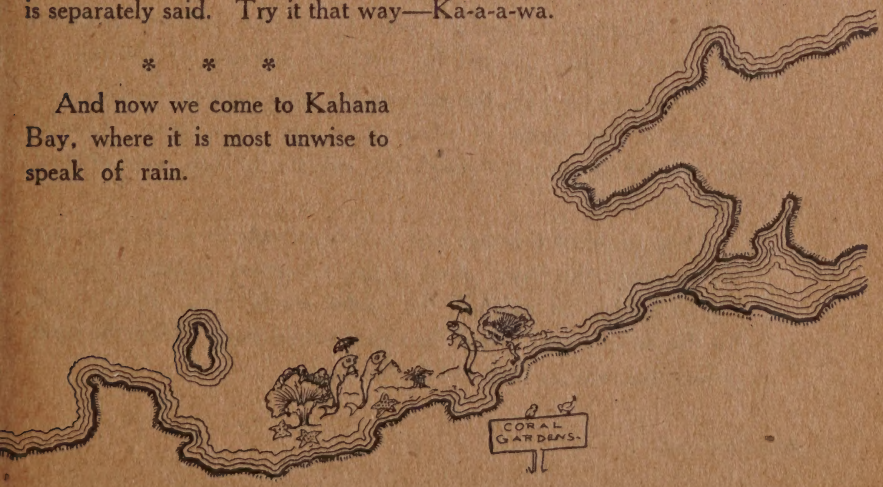
* * *

Koolau Bay has disappeared. But we have reached another region of tales.

We pass the ruins of an old sugar mill. We go through Kaaawa, with its vowel-packed name. Each vowel in this word is separately said. Try it that way—Ka-a-a-wa. 24.1

* * *

And now we come to Kahana Bay, where it is most unwise to speak of rain.



Don't Speak of Rain!

It is not only unwise, but almost fatal to mention rain in this bay. The clouds are heavy most of the time, and, strange as it seems, the ears of the storm gods are tuned to the sounds of human speech.

At times, of course, the rain gods nap. The clouds hang low but it does not rain. The sun may even start to shine.

And then is the time that disaster comes if you speak of rain. At the sound of the word, the storm gods wake. They open the clouds with a mighty arm, and the bay is flooded with torrents of rain. So "mum" is the word in Kahana Bay. Talk of fish instead—the akule fish, that come in great schools.

* * *

To the left on the bluff is a lookout site where a man used to watch in former days when the time approached for the akule to come.

The fishermen's families were up in the valleys, preparing their nets. They labored for weeks in advance of the run.

Far out in the bay, the man on the bluff sighted the fish. He hoisted a flag made of white tapa high on a post. Quickly the word was spread through the valley; the fish were coming; finish the nets.

They gathered together and joined the nets to make them long for spanning the bay. And if this happened in late afternoon, "Wiki koolau ua ahiahi," the leader would call, "Rush it off, for the dark is near," and then they would hurry down the trails, joining the nets as they ran to the bay.

The Watch Tower of Heaven

BACK on the hills of Kahana Bay, high on the ridge, a queer creature crouches. Watch carefully as you drive along. You may see him lined against the sky. He looks a little like a lion.

It is not a lion, however, but an alien god who for hundreds of years has been chained to the cliff. The last time he moved was the day the chanting goddess passed.

Long before Hiiaka's day, Kauhi was sent from distant Kahiki and stationed as watchman on the cliff. His full name is Kauhi, ke-i-maka-o-ka-lani, or Kauhi, the watch-tower of heaven.

He was a stranger god, and badly received. He mourned his fate, and slowly, they say, merged with the rocks. Trees of kukui covered his limbs; his face became fringed with clusters of ti.

Then Hiiaka came, singing her song. She bade him awake, to open his eyes.

He obeyed. And he longed to join Hiiaka.

When the goddess refused, Kauhi was swept by a burning wrath. He lifted his body, wrenched it away from the trees and the earth till he crouched on his knees at the top of the ridge.

His passion faded, the story says. His strength ebbed away, and there he crouches to this very day, the watch tower of heaven, turned to stone.

As for Hiiaka, she went blithely along, singing her song.

The Gods Bring Life

WE cross a stream about which is woven a tale of the reward of faith in the gods. Kane and Kanaloa, the spring-making
28.5 pair, came in disguise, to a little grass house that stood near this stream.

"Come in and eat," the fishermen said. "Rest on the mats. Here is fruit and poi. We would offer you fish, but the nets have been empty for many days."

As they all sat down, the men performed the simple rite of thanks to the gods.

"And what gods do you worship?" the visitors asked.

"Kane and Kanaloa," the fishermen said.

The meal went on. They ate fruit and poi.

"You surely need fish," Kane said at last.

The men looked chagrined. They took their nets. One tries to do all one can for a guest.

"We will go with you," the two gods said.

They passed a hut where dried fish hung. "Go on," said the gods, "look into the stream."

"E inu, e inu i ka wai kukae iole," the gods muttered low. They put the dead fish into the stream. Its scales became shiny. Its blank eyes glistened. It was alive.

Down the stream the charmed fish swam. The fishermen saw it; they uttered a cry; they put their nets into the stream.

When they came back to the gods in the hut, their eyes were alight. They ate of the fish. The gods went away.

Sometime you may linger along the coast and see men mutter over a pool. For "E inu, e inu i ka wai kukae iole," still brings life to a dying fish.

A Pig of a God

LOOK off to the hills at Kaliuwaa Valley—or Sacred Valley, where is Sacred Falls. This is one of the fairy spots of Oahu, 30.1
a favorite haunt both for those who hike and those who love old legends and lore.

* * *

Many are the rules that hedge the Hawaiian when he travels up to Sacred Falls. He must not pick lehua on the way. Else it will rain. At appointed places along the stream, he must pay the tribute of the leaf and the stone. Else disaster might come; he might lose his way; great rocks might descend on him from above.

But lovely is the fall of glistening water with its misty veil. And strange it seems that this fairy spot should be the stamping ground of a wicked god. Yet such is the tale.

* * *

There is a whole saga of Kamapuaa, of his adventures and struggles all over the islands, with gods and with chiefs—with Pele, with Lonokaeho, with Kuilioloa, with Makalii, with Olopana and countless more.

Here on Oahu, his most celebrated struggle was with the Chief Olopana, and it happened right here at Sacred Falls.

Kamapuaa was a demi-god. At times he took the form of a pig, and then of a sudden, he would change to a man. It was disconcerting to those who pursued him. Now he was here; now he was gone.

* * *

Kamapuaa had numberless failings, including a hunger for stolen fowl. One time he was caught, a hen in his hand. And the hen belonged to Olopana.

A Pig of a God

Olopana's warriors chased Kamapuaa. They tracked him as far as Sacred Falls, and then, of a sudden, he disappeared. They gazed in surprise. The man was gone. Nothing was there but a big fat pig.

But a man on the top of the cliff called down, "That is the man who stole the fowl. It is not a pig. I saw him change."

(Let it be told right here in a lower tone that the informer was instantly turned to stone.)

Immediately the chase was on again. Kamapuaa was caught and bound, a frightful indignity for a demi-god. But gods, after all, are difficult prey. With a mighty wrench he broke the cords. He piled on his back his entire menage—his grandmother, his staff, his household goods.

Then Kamapuaa began to swell. He bulged and bulged, bigger and bigger, till his back was level with the top of the ridge. Off went his grandmother, his staff, his goods. Then the pig himself climbed upon the cliff and they went away.

But as one might imagine, there was more to the tale of this pig of a god. He was chased by the soldiers 'way over to Ewa and was almost defeated.

But he won in the end, as gods always do, and to appease his wrath he exacted a tribute from all the island. The Oahu people became quite poor—so it is said.

If you doubt this tale, go to Sacred Falls. See the marks on the bluff where the giant pig's stomach scraped the walls.

The Temple of Laie

We go on—

—on past Hauula, with clumps of ironwood, kamani and hau. 31

—on past the first fields of sugar cane, growing along the side of the road.

—past sisal plants, with tufted stalks and rosetted leaves from which rope is made. 32.7

—past the ruins of an abandoned wharf where cane was shipped in the early days. 33.2

—with a distant view of the Mormon temple in its lovely setting of gardens and ponds. 33.7

* * * *

It might be wise to desert the highway for a little while to see the temple of Laie. It is a beautiful temple. Its perfect form, its symbolic grounds of trees and ponds, its terraces rising some fifty feet but seeming to reach to the very clouds.

But do not forget, if you go to the temple, to reset your dial when you return to the road (34.4), for the log goes on to Malaekahana Point (35.4), where the mullet stops.

There lies a tale. From bay to bay the mullet swims. At Pearl Harbor it starts. At Malaekahana it stops. Beyond this point, mullet is caught, but not this kind that swims from bay to bay. It seems hard to explain, till you know the tale—

Why the Mullet Stops at Malaekahana

A long time ago, a fisherman, a stubborn man with a nagging wife, planted a crop of sweet potatoes.

His wife complained. What in the world would he do with the crop? They could never eat it. They could never sell it. She nagged and nagged. But the man shook his head and went his way.

The potatoes grew, a most hardy crop, bushels on bushels. And then the woman nagged still more. For her words had proved true.

At last the woman nagged so much that in utter despair the fisherman went around to Pearl Harbor to sell the crop.

But in vain. No one at Pearl Harbor wanted to buy his sweet potatoes.

Night came, and the man was much disgruntled. He tossed some potatoes into the sea.

And then—! A great school of mullet rushed to the shore. The eyes of the fisherman grew round and big. But he almost despaired. He had no net.

Genius, however, is sometimes better than fishing nets.

He lured the mullet around the island with sweet potatoes.

* * *

And after Malaekahana? Where does the mullet go from here? Some men suggest an underground channel, but nobody knows.

Love That Was Won By Perfumed Flowers

IT might seem there's nothing but cane in the field to the left of the road, but that waving cane hides a sparkling pool, the place 35.5
where a princess one time hid from a pursuing lover.

It was Laie-i-kawai, the fame of whose beauty persists to this day. When just a frail girl, her fame had spread all over the land. It reached Kauai. A mighty chief who lived on that island longed for the girl. He sent for her.

But the beautiful girl hid in this pool, and the men from Kauai searched high and low.

A kahuna came, a wise kahuna, who knew the secret of the rainbow's end. He followed the arc across the sky and came to this pool. He looked in the water and there he saw a waving kahili, that ensign of feathers that graces the place where royalty lives.

But wise, too, were the guardians of the beautiful girl. They saw the shadow of the peering kahuna in the pool. And when he returned from his boat with the gifts he had brought from the chief, the princess had gone. The rainbow drifted across the sky, farther and farther until it alighted on Molokai.

He jumped in his boat and followed the trail. But the arc went on to the shore of Hawaii, and there the rainbow disappeared.

The Perfumed Flowers

Next on the trail came the sisters of the chief, the spirits of all the sweet-smelling flowers. They clustered around the home of the princess and lured her with their fragrant breath. The first to come was the maile flower.

The princess slept. Softly the fragrance fluttered over her couch. She stirred. She woke. She asked what it was that made the air so sweet. And she heard of the wooing of the maile flower.

She tossed her head.

Next the spirit of the lehua came. And then the sweet-scented ilima flower. They followed the princess wherever she went, wooing and wooing with their perfumed breath, and at last she yielded to their fragrant charm. They lulled her into a dream of love and brought her back to the chief of Kauai.

* * *

We go on—

—through the plain, the hills to the left,

—past Kahuku with its ironwood trees

—past a fence of trees to the right of the road

—past a fierce jutting rock rising up to the left. Its name in Hawaiian means the head of a sheep.

—past hau trees and cane.

* * *

The sea is gone for a little while. We will meet it again.

The Disappearing Tapa Board

THERE are tapa board and tapa boards. Some resound monotonously to the tap of the sticks. Others sound hollow like the beat of a drum. And one out of hundreds will sound clear and ringing like a copper bell.

Such a board was owned and prized by a native woman who 39.9
lived down toward the coast at the right of the road. In front of her house was a pool of clear water, Puna-hoolapa, which means bright spring.

Now here is the tale that is told of that spring—

One night the woman had washed her board at the brink of the pool. She placed it on the bank to dry. The next day it was gone—completely gone. They searched for days.

But they found it again—far from home—on the leeward side, near the mill at Waipahu.

The woman was coming along the road when she heard a sound like a copper bell. And there was a woman, pounding tapa upon a board. She asked how the board had come all that way. And the woman said it was a gift from the gods, for one morning she went to the spring near the road, and there was the board.

* * *

Many such tales are told of this island. Things disappear. One may laugh if one wishes at underground channels—but what of the mullet?—what of this board?

At 44.7, Stop!

OU should be standing near a boulder on the right of the road. Look back to your left at a mass of cliffs, where half-way up is one of the world's most wonderful rocks. It is a perfect statue, made of rock, by nature's hands. But why, we think, should nature be making a statue of Washington so far from his home? For he seems quite complete, cocked hat and all.

The Hawaiian smiles. Look again, he says. Might not that hat be a lehua lei? Yes, look again—and heed this tale—

Long, long before Washington was born, a youth, Kahikilani, came from Kauai. He came with kahunas and carried a surfboard.

Up and down the coast he went, trying the waves. At last he came to Paumalu—where we are now.

Now there are waves and waves, but the waves on this beach come in from the sea in a way that puzzles all riders of surf. They do not come sweeping in straight, long swells. Some distance out, there is a lull and a change.

Not many men can ride these waves. And long ago, they tempted the stranger who came from Kauai. Many times he tried to ride the swell. Day after day he tried and failed.

But at last, he conquered. The people cheered.

"Hm! I can ride still harder waves," he said. "Tell me, where is your hardest surf?"

"Bird Island, Bird Island," the people called. "No man alive can ride the waves of Bird Island."

A Lover in Stone

So off they went. And around his head, Kahikilani noticed some birds. They circled and circled and sang and sang, and at last winged away up to the pass.

They sang their song. Kahikilani was coming, a great strong man, handsome of face, light of skin, tall and broad and proud as a god.

Kaiulani, the adopted daughter of the lizard god, sat in her cave. She was weaving sweet-smelling lehua leis.

She looked out from her cliff as she heard the song, and fell in love. To the singing birds she gave her leis and bade them go.

Around and around his head they sang. "Why," asked the youth, "do these birds carry leis?"

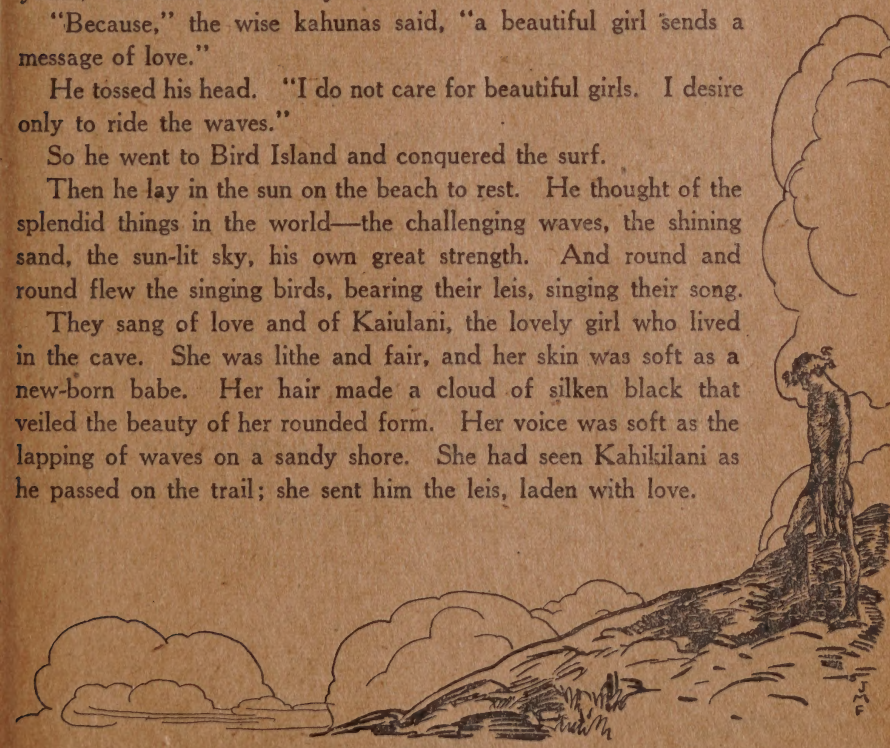
"Because," the wise kahunas said, "a beautiful girl sends a message of love."

He tossed his head. "I do not care for beautiful girls. I desire only to ride the waves."

So he went to Bird Island and conquered the surf.

Then he lay in the sun on the beach to rest. He thought of the splendid things in the world—the challenging waves, the shining sand, the sun-lit sky, his own great strength. And round and round flew the singing birds, bearing their leis, singing their song.

They sang of love and of Kaiulani, the lovely girl who lived in the cave. She was lithe and fair, and her skin was soft as a new-born babe. Her hair made a cloud of silken black that veiled the beauty of her rounded form. Her voice was soft as the lapping of waves on a sandy shore. She had seen Kahikilani as he passed on the trail; she sent him the leis, laden with love.



A Lover in Stone

At last he succumbed to their wooing song and followed the fragrant message of love.

For a while the two in the cave were content. But not for long. Thoughts of the surf disturbed his sleep. He ached for the waves with their white-foamed crests. He could hear the murmur of Paumalu.

Before he left, he made two vows. He would soon return, and while he was gone, his lips would not kiss another girl.

But he broke his pledge. A beautiful maid who came to the beach adored his strength. She came to him with ilima leis and kissed him shyly as he bent his head.

And Kahikilani, king of the surf, forgot the love he had left in the cave. But alas, he forgot also the singing birds. They flew back to the cave and carried the word of his faithless love.

Kaiulani was weaving lehua leis. She listened. She rose. She went straight as a crow to Paumalu. From the neck of her lover, she snatched the ilima. She gave him a fragrant lehua lei, and she said, "With this, our love is over." She turned away.

The man bowed his head in burning shame. Then he rose to follow his sorrowing love. But he found that a curious thing had occurred. His legs would not walk along the beach. He could only walk back to the hills. He climbed the cliff, half-way up, to watch his sadly departing love.

She rounded the bend. He turned to stone.

Look closely at the man they say is George Washington. Look closely at the wreath he wears on his head.

Out of the Air

UP on the bluff above Pupukea stands the ruin of an ancient heiau, a famous heiau where wireless was born ages ago.

This was the second heiau to be built in a week, as a wireless station. Each was built in a single night, with stones that were passed from hand to hand all the way from Paumalu. It was long, long ago. 46.5

* * *

Chief Kahahana was at war with Kekaulike, chief of Kauai. He called his prophet, Kao-pulu-pulu, the king of kahunas, and told him to speak to the gods and discover whether the men of Kauai would surrender.

But Kao-pulu-pulu had a better plan. "Build me a temple," he directed the chief. "I will not ask the gods, but the chief of Kauai."

So the menehunes were called together. They came scampering out of their homes in the hills, and they set to work with a right good will, bringing the stones for miles and miles to make the heiau upon the shore.

On the beach of Waimea, where it stands to this day, Kupopolo was built in a night. In the morning the famous high-priest came. He made his offerings, said his prayers, and launched his query to Kauai. But then, though he waited, no answer came.

Again he pondered. Again he advised: the temple was built too low on the beach.

Another night the workmen labored. Puu o Mahuka stood on the cliff. And this time the answer came, quickly and clearly. Kauai surrendered; the war could end.

A Fish God's Gift

WE go on toward the first of the wireless stations. Just this side of it, on the beach, is a stone fish-god. He stands inside
47.8 an old stone wall, which can be seen if you climb the rocks near the shore.

This is the tale of the stone fish-god—

Two old men lived in a cave above on the bluff. One was cross and one was kind.

One day, both of these men had the same dream—of a rock on the beach that moaned these words,

"Take care of me; give me food."

The cross man scoffed. "Daytime dreams do not count. Only at night do dreams come true." But the kind old man shook his head. "Strange that two men should dream the same dream."

He strolled to the beach and there he found a rock like the one that had talked in the dream. He fenced it in, cared for it, gave it food.

From that time on, he had second sight. He knew in advance when the fish would come. Until he died the men on this coast asked his advice when they went with their nets.

Long years they've been dead, those two old men, but the god still stands within his wall. And even today this shore is blessed with plentiful fish.

A Temple in Ruins

KUPOPOLO lies here in the field, a hundred yards to the left of the road. A ten-minute walk will reach the place, where 47.9
the platform of stone shows above the lantana.

In the days of its glory, this platform of rock was smoothly paved, with sand and gravel between the stones. Low walls, whose ruins can still be seen, enclosed this floor. Above was the sky.

Grass houses stood within the walls, and an altar, a lele—a tall wicker structure, connected with prayer—a pit for bones, carved idols of wood, and separate places for priests and the king.

Kupopolo was the first of the wireless heiaus. It failed as a station, but it served as a temple. It was a place of worship. Priests lived here, made sacrifices, said prayers to their gods.

* * *

Visitors are asked to respect Kupopolo. Do not move its rocks or disturb its walls. It was hallowed ground in the ancient days.

Imagine the temple in the days of its glory. Imagine the dancing that came in the night, when the ancient drums beat regular rythms, when the notes of the flutes fluttered high on the wind and the hula was danced with solemn fervor for the sake of the gods.

A Pond With a Famous Echo

AROUND a curve in the road, we reach Haleiwa, a pleasure spot for Honolulu people. Here are beaches for bathing, shady trees, a modern hotel in a Japanese setting. And here are the famous Ukoa ponds where fish abound.

* * *

These ponds can be seen to the left of the road this side of the town. If the tide is high, you may hear their echo—

"I Waialua ka poo-na a ke kai o ka leo ka Ewa e hoolono nei."

"The pounding surf breaks at Waialua and the roaring is heard at distant Ewa."

Such are the lines that describe the echoes that are heard from the famous Ukoa ponds. But these words are used for more than echoes that come from the tide. An event, like the surf, echoes on and on—

* * *

Here, too, in the arm of Haleiwa Bay, is the place where the menehunes fish at night. On certain evenings, you can see their torches.

Scientists laugh; that is only a phosphorous glow, they say. But the Hawaiian reminds them—very gently—that the wise menehunes caught fish in this bay, long before these scoffers were born.

Ghostly Flutes That Play In the Night

NOTHING remains of the old heiau that stood where the modern hotel now stands. Nothing, that is, except its sounds. These often linger in hallowed places long after physical rocks are gone.

Would you hear the sounds of this ancient temple? Then you must come on the Nights of Kane. And your ear must be tuned in a special way to catch the sounds that float from the past.

Now hark! The faint, strange beat of the ancient drum, the clear, minor notes of the temple flutes, borne on the wind.

* * *

We go on through snatches of towns, through avenues of trees, through miles of cane, straight toward the peaks of the Waianae Hills. To the right we see chimneys of sugar mills. The clean white stack of a modern mill. The blackened chimney of one long unused. 53.1

We come to a junction of roads. Turn to the left. The right hand road leads to Mokuleia, the flattest place on the entire island—"as flat as a closely woven mat." And out beyond is the point of Kaena, the scene of one of Maui's deeds. No road goes out as far as Kaena, but we will tell the tale of this superman. He is one of the great heroes of Hawaiian lore. He fished up islands out of the sea. He stopped the sun. 54.0

The Hercules of Hawaii

NE story tells of how Maui, the famous Hercules of Hawaii, stood at Kaena and cast his hook into the sea. He planned to end the slow means of travel by double canoe. He would haul Kauai over the channel and join it on to the end of Oahu. But, sad to relate, Maui failed. He pulled and pulled, but only the rock that lies near the shore fell with a crash at Maui's feet. The rest of Kauai never budged.

There is another version—you may take your choice. Kauai, says this tale, actually moved over the waves, drawn by Maui's magic hook. But he failed again at the classic test that ruined Lot's wife and snatched from Orpheus his beautiful love. To look back meant ruin—and, as always happens, someone looked back. Pop! went Kauai, back on the waves. Maui had failed.

* * *

On through lovely rows of trees—ironwoods, pines—and out of sight of Waialua on its peaceful shore—

"O Waialua la'i eha e,

Eha ka malua lalo o Waialua," says the ancient chant of Hiiaka.

"Waialua has a fourfold calm

That enfolds and broods over the land."

It is true. Look back.

* * *

But now the plain and the peace are gone. We go on to a tale of—

Unwelcome Strangers!

FF to the left there is a grove of trees where long ago alien cannibals lived. This happened in Oahunui's reign, when the great chief wandered from place to place, receiving homage wherever he went. One day he dined at Halemano with the men who feasted on human flesh. These men were not natives of the Hawaiian Islands. They came from the south—perhaps the Fijis, perhaps the Marquesas. But here on Oahu they thrived for a while in their gruesome way. 54.0

At first the Hawaiians were unsuspecting. The strangers were seen on their way to the pass in the Waianae Hills. But what of that? Everyone went to the sea that way.

Slowly, however, suspicion fell. The strangers were never seen to return, and strange things occurred at Waianae. Men went fishing and never came back.

Then Oahunui made his fatal visit. He liked the food at Halemano. He came to the grove again and again.

At last he asked the name of the food. He was told, and he swore these men should die.

But already a craving obsessed the king. He changed his mind. Right or wrong, he craved human flesh. He went again and again to the grove.

Soon dark days came to Halemano. People were watching the Waianae pass. Spies surrounded the grove of trees. The cannibals became as hungry as beasts.

And so did the king.

One day a message came from the king. He was coming, he said, and bringing food. For the king had sent his sister and her husband off to Ukoa to watch for the tide. He would care for their children while they were away, keep them from harm.

In the night, the father had a dream. Bones hung on a limb of a tree, and there was feasting at Halemano. He saw the king.

In frenzy and grief he told his wife and he hurried home.

No trace of his children. No trace of the king. The frantic father followed the king. He tracked him to the cannibal lair.

He entered the grove at Halemano. On a limb of a tree hung the bundle of bones.

He killed the king. And the men of Oahu killed the fiends.

All but one, who wandered about in the maze of the hills for many a year. But at last he, too, was caught in the pass, just after eating a plump brown child. And never since have men eaten men in the Hawaiian Islands.

* * *

We are now opposite Kolekole Pass, the place where the cannibals waited for food. But let us not leave with such fearful thoughts. Halemano is known for other things—for beautiful things, for maile flowers and lehua leis—

"For Halemano is gay with leis of lehua
That grow in the grove of Kukaniloko."

Kukaniloko, Where Chiefs Were Born

KUKANILOKO! Another grove away to the left of the road, but a grove with traditions of birth, not of death. Here were 59.7
born the children of chiefs.

The wives of chiefs came miles and miles over land and sea to the magic stones that stand in that grove. There they gave birth to their royal children. For children born in Kukaniloko were born to the purple; no force on earth could strip them of power.

Nana-ka-oko, chief of Oahu, and Kahihi-o-kalana, the wife of the chief, were the pair that brought fame to Kukaniloko. There their son, Kapawa, was born, and the kahunas called it a birth divine, a burning fire.

Ever after the wives of the chiefs came to Kukaniloko. An elaborate ritual followed the birth—forty-eight chiefs in feathered robes, the tabu drums, Opuku and Hawea, and people cheering at the side of the stream.

* * *

We go on through gulches, and over the plain of Lei-lehua—through the town of Castner with its modern things—its garage, its dam, which feeds the water to the sugar-cane fields—past Schofield Barracks—past fields of pineapple and fields of cane—and 66.0
then we enter a gulch that has dangerous curves. It is called Kipapa, a word that means "One on another." This curious phrase refers to the dead.

Where the Dead Piled High

TODAY the danger in Kipapa Gulch is the danger of curves in a paved highway, but in ancient days there was danger of war and danger of death. And these are the dangers that gave the gulch the name of Kipapa.

There was a king on Oahu, called Maili-kukahi, who was wise and kind, made generous laws, divided the land, trained the children, punished the people for death and rapine.

Maili-kukahi was born at Kukaniloko. But dark days will come, even to a king who is born to the purple.

The dark days of this chief were the days of war. Warriors from Maui and warriors from Hawaii came to depose the chief of Oahu.

But the chief of Oahu was born at Kukaniloko. He might be attacked, but he could not be conquered. He drove his enemy to Kipapa Gulch, then unnamed. Here he trapped them in the ravine. They were slaughtered by thousands, and after the battle, the dead lay piled "one on another."

They were carried away to two hills that stand near the edge of town. In one lie the men who came from Maui, and in the other were buried the dead of Hawaii.

But ever after this gulch was Kipapa.

* * *

Off over the plain we see Pearl Harbor, where the naval forces have forts and barracks.

For the days of highways have not yet banished the days of war.

A Last Tale of Love

THERE will be a final tale of love, and two of kings. The tale of love should be told at Moanalua, a beautiful park with ancient trees and velvety grass. 79

Moanalua means two oceans, but the word symbolically means two loves.

There are springs all about us in the fields, as we near the park of Moanalua. And one of these springs in the ancient days was joined by a tunnel to Diamond Head.

One day a man explored the tunnel. He was a fine, tall man, with a zest for danger. He went on and on, and found danger enough in the damp, black tunnel. But at last he found beauty at the end of his journey—and life and love.

He came up in the spring and lo! before him a lovely woman was coming to bathe. They met in the spring, and from their love, the spring took its name. Moanalua. It means two oceans, but the word symbolically means two loves.

* * *

We come back through the streets of Honolulu. We see again the throngs of people, the faces, yellow and white and brown. We see street cars, shops. We sense the forces of a modern city in a modern age.

We are quiet coming through city streets after rounding the island. Things look strange. People look strange.

Yes, the rumble of cities has an alien sound after hours of peace on the island road. We seem to be in a different world.

And yet we look up and see the same clouds, shot perhaps by a rainbow's arch. And the surf is breaking at Waikiki just as it breaks on the windward shore. And the same hills rise above Honolulu, nestling close to the ocean's shore.

The Romance of the Palace

E will end this log with tales of kings at the Palace Gate, where the story began.

A king and a queen have ruled in this palace, held court, received homage. Officials have come from over the seas. Stately balls have been given, treaties been signed.

And within these walls, not long ago, a king lay dead. Torches were lighted as in the ancient days. Kahilis waved. The coffin was flanked by tabu sticks, inspiring awe in native hearts.

And later, a queen was prisoner here, within her palace, but bereft of her throne.

This is not the first palace to stand on this site. A simple building of coral stone was built in 1844. It stood here for almost forty years.

Stirring events have occurred in this palace. In '87 there was a people's revolt against the king.

In '89, there was a counter-revolt. The grounds of the palace were filled with troops.

Again in 1893, when the monarchy tottered, Queen Liliuokalani appealed to her people from the balcony rail. But without avail. The following year the Republic was founded.

And still there was strife. In a counter-rebellion, the queen was arrested, and for nine long months she was kept imprisoned in a room of her palace. She renounced her claims to the Hawaiian throne.

Three years later, the Republic died. The flag of Hawaii was finally lowered on the roof of the palace. The United States flag was raised in its stead, and remains to this day.

The Romance of the Palace

And look to the right at a little mound, surrounded today by hibiscus flowers. Here in a tomb in the early days, kings were laid. All the Kamehamehas were there except the first, the secret of whose grave has never been told.

It was a historic place, that royal tomb, historic for more than the dead it contained. Within that dark vault, the home of the dead, for months a nation was kept alive.

That happened in 1843, when for six long months, the British held the Hawaiian Islands. Great Britain was strong. The king was helpless. He stood on the ramparts of the coral fort that used to stand on the waterfront.

"Where are you, chiefs, people, and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands," he called. "Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause; therefore I have given away the life of our land!"

The people mourned.

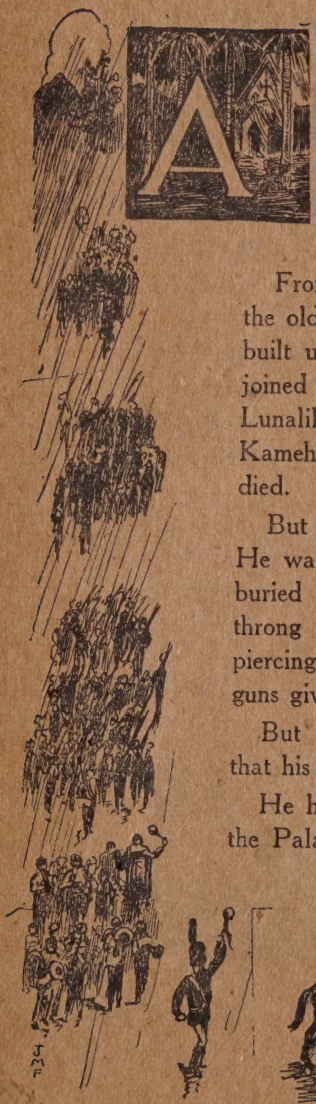
But the nation of Hawaii did not die. Its dim light was tended in the royal tomb, night after night, by Dr. Judd, trusted servant of the Hawaiian king. By the stealthy light of an old ship's lantern, he worked over the records, all night until dawn.

For six months the shadow hung over the land, and Judd lit his lantern in the musty tomb.

Then brightness came.

A ceremony was held in Thomas Square. Admiral Thomas, in the name of Great Britain, returned the land to the Hawaiian king. The British flag was lowered. The Hawaiian flag was raised.

Nature Pays Tribute



NOTHER tale of a Hawaiian king shall end this log. It is the tale of the burial of Lunalilo, who lies in his tomb, in the church enclosure, opposite the palace, "Lunalilo, ka moi," above the door, "Lunalilo, the king."

From the mausoleum on the palace grounds, the old kings were carried, when new vaults were built up in the valley in '65. There they were joined by the later kings, one by one. All but Lunalilo, the first king to reign after the line of Kamehameha. He made a request before he died. He asked to be buried in a tomb alone.

But he died and his wishes were not obeyed. He was carried up to the royal vault. He was buried at night, in the Hawaiian way, a great throng marching beside his bier, flaming kukuis piercing the dark, kahilis waving, and the minute guns giving the royal salute of twenty-one guns.

But the king's father mourned. He grieved that his son's last wish was denied.

He had built for his son a private tomb, near the Palace Grounds. He manoeuvered in court.

And at last he came to the king with an earnest request for a second funeral and a second salute.

Of these two requests, the king granted one. The salute he denied. One royal salute was all that was due any dead man, even a king.

And the king's word was law. Sadly the father went away. His son would be buried without the salute. In silence the procession must march to the tomb.

The procession came down Nuuanu Street, kahilis waving, torches lighted. Great throngs marched beside the bier.

Slowly, the sky became covered with clouds as it always does at the burial of kings. Softly it rained.

And then of a sudden the strange thing happened, the thing that is talked of to this very day.

The silence was broken. It began to thunder. Clear, loud peals crashed from the sky.

In amazement and awe the people stopped. They counted the thunder.

Twenty-one peals, clear and loud, each as distinct as the shot of a gun.

The thunder stopped. The procession marched on. The soft rain ceased. The clouds slowly vanished. The stars shone bright again, and the moon.

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